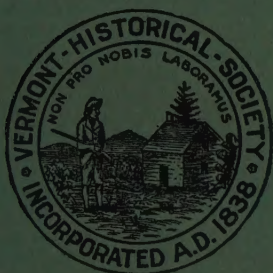


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1930

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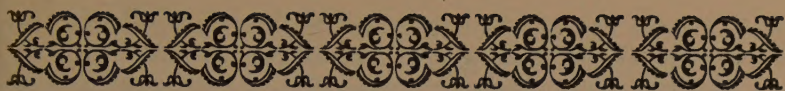
Montpelier Vermont

1930

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NEW SERIES

1930

VOL. I No. 2

PROCEEDINGS OF THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VERMONT AT GETTYSBURGH

An Address Delivered before the Society

July 6th, 1870

by GEO. H. SCOTT, First Sergeant, Co. G. 13th Vt.

IT WAS the duty of our fathers to create a nation—it became our duty to preserve it—and the war of Preservation was greater than that of Creation. The story of this war can never grow old. For this reason I offer no apology for repeating what you have heard so often, the Story of Gettysburgh. I choose this theme moreover because it was the greatest and most decisive battle of the war, one of the half dozen decisive battles of the world—because *there* the rebellion culminated, *from* that it rapidly declined until it died and was buried at Appomatox—and chiefly because I was a witness and participant in the conflict, and as I was a member of a Vermont regiment, you will pardon me if I dwell more in detail upon the movements of the Vermont troops, and describe the battle from my own standpoint.

The second Vermont Brigade composed of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Regiments was encamped during the month of June, 1863, on the Occoquan and Bull Run Rivers. We remained impatiently at our posts until June 24th when we received marching orders to break camp, follow and overtake the Grand Army of the Potomac which had just passed us. Lee after vainly endeavoring to find a vulnerable point through which to make a dash upon Washington crossed the Potomac

and invaded Pennsylvania with his whole army. Hooker, to watch the enemy and protect Washington, concentrated on Frederick, Maryland, north of the Capital. On the 30th of June, the day before the battle, the rebel army extended from Chambersburgh eastward to Carlisle near Harrisburgh. The left of the Union Army rested on Emmitsburgh, our line extending east and west along Pipe Creek; the one army in Pennsylvania; the other in Maryland, the divisional line of the two States and Gettysburgh lying between them: hardly a day's march separated the two armies. Meade who had succeeded to the command had struck at Lee's communications, and foresaw that the enemy would have to fight soon or retreat. Retreat would be as disastrous as defeat, so all felt a battle imminent.

Ere we enter into the details of the fight, let us consider the probabilities of success or failure; on the one side was the strongest army the Confederacy had ever put into the field. Lee was their greatest General; the Army loved and trusted him, and looked upon him as the world was pronouncing him, —the great Captain of the age. Grant had not then won immortality and could not dispute that honor with him. This army was divided into three Corps, thirty thousand each, commanded respectively by Longstreet, Ewell, and Hill, with ten thousand cavalry under Stuart, and between four and five thousand artillery, —in all over one hundred thousand men, mostly veterans thoroughly disciplined and equipped, their laurels yet fresh from a dozen victories over the army which confronted them. The memories of the past, hopes of the future, prospects of plunder pricked them on, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia were prizes to win, and if won the Yankee Government would totter to its fall. On the other hand the Army of the Potomac had been the most unfortunate of our armies. The sad memories of McClellan's change of base, of Bull Run, of Balls Bluff, of Fredericksburgh, of Chancellorsville, were theirs. Their experience would have demoralized any army but one of American citizens: but defeat did not dishearten the Army of the Potomac. At this time they felt that the fate of the nation rested upon them. Cripple the enemy in this conflict and the rebellion must crumble to the dust. Let him defeat *us* and our cause might be lost. Moreover the two armies had reversed positions—the enemy were invaders, and we were repelling them. In numbers and appointments

our army was about equal to that of the enemy. The 30th of June was a day of anxious preparation. Our cavalry were scouring the country, to feel the enemy and ascertain his position. Gen. Buford made a reconnaissance through Gettysburgh, and finding the enemy in some force returned a messenger to Gen. Reynolds to inform him of the fact. Reynolds was in command of the 1st Corps and also as ranking officer of the 11th Corps at Emmitsburgh. He at once moved these two Corps to within five miles of Gettysburgh, where he encamped for the night.

On the same night the greater part of Hill's Corps encamped within two miles of the town. Gettysburgh occupied a position of great importance: seven roads centered there, connecting it with Chambersburgh, Carlisle, Harrisburgh, York, Manchester, Frederick and Hagarstown, Gettysburgh represented the hub of a wheel—these roads its spokes, and the towns mentioned its circumference.

With *our* troops in the possession of Gettysburgh we could check the enemy on any one of these roads, and delay the concentration of his troops, while the *enemy* in similar possession would hold an equal advantage over us.

On the 1st of July, Gen. Buford opened the ball in the morning by spiritedly attacking the vanguard of the rebel army under Gen. Heath as they were advancing on Gettysburgh from the northwest. The first Corps, all but the Vermont Brigade, hastened to his relief. There are two ridges running nearly north and south, just west and north west of town, the more easterly of which is Seminary Ridge.

Buford was engaged with the enemy on the western ridge. Reynolds came up about ten o'clock, led his men through the fields, and at once sent Wadsworth's Division into the fight. As he was deploying his forces he fell mortally wounded. Doubleday succeeded to the command of the 1st Corps. At first our troops successfully resisted the enemy, but being greatly outnumbered were pushed back to Seminary Ridge. In their retreat they snatched laurels from the enemy. As Archer's Brigade was pushing back our left, our right swung round upon his flank and rear, and took some 800 prisoners. As Doubleday was reforming his Corps on Seminary Ridge, Gen. Howard with the 11th Corps arrived and at once took command. Foreseeing defeat on this day, and anxious to be ready for it, he stationed the second

Division of the 11th Corps on Cemetery Hill which he intended holding at all hazards should he be driven from his advanced position. In the meantime he threw forward the 1st and 3d Divisions under Schurz and Barlow to support and extend Doubleday's right. For a time they maintained their position against superior numbers, encouraged by the hope that reinforcements would soon arrive. When the battle commenced the 12th Corps commanded by Slocum were resting in the field at Two Taverns, about 3 miles distant on the Baltimore Turnpike. Howard repeatedly called on Slocum during the fight to bring up his Corps to reinforce him. But Slocum did not recognize his authority to command, Howard being junior in rank and did not move; and to Slocum more than to any other may be attributed the disasters of the first day's fight.

12½ o'clock! Scouts report the approach of Ewell from the northeast, in the York road, and his advance hardly four miles distant. Another messenger to Slocum informing him of the impending danger but he did not move. Still our brave boys hold their own. A quarter of 3 and 2 divisions of Ewell's Corps make their appearance, and deploy into line on the flank and front of our right wing. "I want a Brigade to help me" was the word from Schurz who commanded on the right and was resisting Ewell. Howard sent Costa's brigade which swept down through the town on a double quick, joined in the line. "I must have reinforcements" says Doubleday on the left. "You must reinforce me" says Wadsworth in the center. To these appeals Howard could only respond "Hold out a little longer if possible; I am expecting Slocum every moment." Another hour the Union forces hold their ground against four times their numbers and fight as only heroes fight. In the meantime the rebels were flanking our left, their artillery were fearfully decimating our center, while Ewell was enveloping and rolling up our right. For six hours our boys had fought. Could mortal man do more? The tide must change; the sheer momentum of the rebel hosts must sweep them back. Retreat was inevitable. Schurz with his Germans first gave way. Soon the order came to our whole line to retreat. But a part of Ewell's troops had got to the rear and occupied the town, through which our troops attempted to pass. In the confusion nearly five thousand, most of the 11th Corps were taken prisoners. Ewell pressed our troops severely

until he was checked by our batteries, stationed on Cemetery Hill, which covered the retreat of our troops. Upon this hill Howard reestablished his lines, from which the enemy made no attempt to dislodge us as they feared the near approach of our reinforcements. The Vermont Brigade at the commencement of the battle were just breaking camp at Emmitsburgh under orders to march to Gettysburgh. An hour later and the distant roar of artillery fell upon our ears and made assurance doubly sure that there was stern work before us; later still we beheld the smoke of battle rising from the distant hillside. As we approached the place of conflict, we began to meet stragglers and the wounded who were limping away from the battlefield. Two regiments of the 2nd Vermont Brigade, the 12th and 15th, were detached to guard our trains, and did not actively participate in the battle: the 13th, 14th and 16th arrived on the field about 7 o'clock P. M., but too late to share in the first day's fight. Our troops were already posted on Cemetery Hill. We were assigned to the 1st Corps. We marched up between the two armies, filed to the right, passed through our lines of battle and were posted for the night to the left of the Cemetery. After arriving upon the field, we first learned the details of the fight from participants in the conflict. One and another remarked as we passed them: "Well we have been fairly whipped today. The Army of Potomac is having its usual run of luck; it'll stand a whipping the best of any army in America, but just wait, we'll give them Hail Columbia (when they used no stronger terms) tomorrow."

Our first encounter proved disastrous to our arms. Two corps had been half wiped out. One of our most loved and experienced Corps Commanders had fallen. Several thousand prisoners had been taken by the enemy. General Doubleday says the 1st Corps entered the battle 8200 strong and came out of it 2450; the enemy numbered 45,000. But our defeat was after all a victory. The desperate resistance of our troops held back the enemy and prevented them from getting between the two wings of our army which were several miles apart, and crushing them in detail; and enabled our different Corps to concentrate on Gettysburgh. As night closed upon us our position was most precarious. True, Sickles and Slocum had arrived with the 2d and 12th Corps. When the battle commenced, Sickles

was at Emmitsburgh under orders to return to Pipe Creek. But unlike Slocum he chose to disregard Meade's order and hasten to the relief of Reynolds. Yet we were greatly outnumbered. At least $\frac{2}{3}$ of Lee's army were within striking distance.

It was a lovely July night. The full moon looked down smilingly as if in mockery upon a field which but yesterday waved with ripening harvests, now seamed and scarred, trodden underfoot by armed men, drenched with human gore, and bestrewed with the dead and dying. Everything favored a night attack, and we rested on our arms expecting it. In our then crippled condition, had the enemy under the light of the full faced moon assailed us, the Battle of Gettysburgh might have been the saddest event of our history.

The night was one of preparation. Meade on receiving reports of the day's battle, at once issued orders to all his Corps Commanders to concentrate on that place. He arrived on the field at one o'clock at night, examined the position which Howard had selected, found it a strong one and easily defended, and decided to hold it at least for the present. The silence of the night was broken by the trample of armed men, the rattling of wagons, the neighing of steeds, as Brigade after Brigade, Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, arrived and were placed in position along the lines. All our army but the 6th Corps came up during the night and early morning. The 6th, including the old Vermont Brigade, were at Manchester at 7 o'clock, P. M. of the 1st, 30 miles away and there they received orders to hasten to Gettysburgh, where they arrived on the afternoon of the 2d of July.

As morning dawned two hostile armies, the greatest on the continent, confronted each other and were ready for action. Every elevation for miles around was bristling with batteries. At break of day an artillery duel of an hour's duration occurred between batteries on Cemetery Hill and the rebel artillery north of the village. Fortunately for us, I might say Providentially, after this prelude, the enemy wasted golden hours of the forenoon and a part of the afternoon, awaiting an attack from us, or preparing for the fight themselves. They were precious hours for the Union Army. They afforded our troops, exhausted by forced marches, much needed rest, while they enabled the 6th Corps, 15,000 strong, to come up so as to participate in the fight.

To get a clear idea of the 2d and 3d days' battle we should become familiar with the field on which it was waged. The shape of our line of battle has been compared to a horseshoe. It might better be compared to the two sides of a right angle triangle: the right angle resting on the Cemetery, the long base extending from the Cemetery to Weed's Hill and Round Top, facing westward, the perpendicular extending eastward from the Cemetery to Culp's Hill. Our extreme left rested upon Round Hill; our extreme right on Culp's Hill. We could throw reinforcements from one wing to the other, by passing along the hypotenuse of the triangle while the enemy had to traverse the base and perpendicular in passing from one wing to the other. Round Top, shaped like a sugar loaf, with rugged and somewhat precipitous sides, was the bulwark of our position. Starting from Round Top, the extreme left and most southerly point, and passing along the line, we next observe Weed's Hill, considerably higher than the land in front of it, though not as high or precipitous as Round Top, and separated from it by a small ravine. These two hills were held by the 3d Corps, supported by the 5th Corps with the 6th Corps in reserve after they arrived upon the field.

Our left center extended from Weed's to Cemetery Hill; the land is rolling, and spreads out into fields and meadows. This part of the field was held by the 2d and part of the 1st Corps. For some distance along this ridge was a stone wall behind which our Infantry fought. As we approach the Cemetery the land rises again into quite a hill. Our right center, including this Hill, was held by Howard's 11th Corps and the rest of Doubleday's 1st Corps, of which the 2d Vermont Brigade was held in reserve just back of the Cemetery in a ravine. From Cemetery Hill our line extended eastward along a ridge to our extreme right, terminated by Culp's Hill, quite an elevation defended by the 12th Corps, under Slocum. Our whole line was between two and three miles in extent. The enemy were posted along our front, nearly a mile from our line on high and rolling ground. Longstreet confronted our left, Hill our center, and Ewell our right. Between our left and left center, and the enemy's position, was a small ravine; the field was dotted here and there with clumps of trees which afforded protection and concealment to both armies. Notwithstanding this position Meade on the

morning of July 2d directed his chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Butterfield to prepare an order to withdraw the army. The order was drawn up, and a council of Corps Commanders called to consider it, but the attack of the enemy prevented the meeting of the council. Until about 4 o'clock, the day was spent in skirmishing by both sides. At that time a signal gun was fired! An ominous sound! What could be its meaning? Every voice was hushed! Every ear was intent to know its signification! In a moment suspense was ended! Along every crest held by the enemy light flashed, smoke puffed, and the very earth shook with the cannonade! A hundred cannon were raining down death and destruction on our devoted heads! Bugles sounded the call to arms, and in three minutes 90,000 men stood in line of battle awaiting the summons to duty, whether to sweep forward on the deadly charge, repulse an assault, or retrieve a disaster. Our artillerymen responded with equal warmth to this afternoon's salutation. Round shot, elongated bolts, spherical shell, came from the north, northeast, northwest, west and southwest, a converging fire upon our center and left of our positions. The guns of the enemy were well trained and did fearful execution.

The right wing, under Col. Munson of the 13th Vermont Regiment had been sent out in the morning to guard a battery on Cemetery hill. Company "B" of the 16th Vermont Regiment had been sent upon the picket or skirmish line, and did not join the Regiment again during the battle. The left wing of the 13th, the 14th and 16th Regiments of Vermont were in a position of great exposure. They were situated just back of the Cemetery in reserve, a position which drew a converging fire from the enemy.

As the left of the 18th Vermont was forming in line shot and shell began to drop among us; one and another and another of our comrades fell. Here the gallant Capt. Williams of Company "G" fell mortally wounded.

Stannard moved us twenty rods to the left and ordered us to lie down while he went up to the brow of a hill and watched the coming on of the storm. He was placed for a time in command of the position occupied by the batteries on the Hill. We Vermonters lay flat upon the ground, listening to the conflict, enduring the cannonade for two hours, until we were summoned to more active work.

Lee took advantage of a blunder which came near costing us

the day. Sickles in command of the 3rd Corps waited some time for orders but having received none proceeded to make his own dispositions and swing out the right of his corps a half mile in advance of our original position to a position in the Emmitsburgh road near Wort's house, forming a new line at oblique angles with our original line, his left resting on Little Round Top. This as the result proved needlessly exposed our troops. Meade rode out to correct the mistake but found it was too late—the enemy were already moving to the attack.

Lee comprehended the situation with the eye of a master. He saw the trap into which Sickles had fallen and sprung it. In front of Sickles's position and commanding it Longstreet had placed sixty cannon. To distract our attention and conceal his real designs, Lee opened the fight with artillery along our whole lines. Ewell was ordered to attack our right, Hill our center, while Longstreet was to make the main attack on our left. Lee thought if he could push back Sickles in disorder, take Weed's Hill and Round Top by the flank, Meade would have to retreat, while with the broken ground in our rear and baggage wagons filling every avenue of approach, our retreat could be easily converted into a rout and the Army of the Potomac wiped out of existence.

Longstreet's sixty cannon opened the ball and poured their leaden hail upon the 3rd Corps. Soon Anderson McLaws and Hood's divisions in magnificent lines of battle came sweeping down upon the 3rd Corps. This line extended along Sickles's entire front and overlapped it at both ends.

Though the movements along this whole line were nearly simultaneous a separate description of the fight at different parts of the line will convey a clearer idea of the fight.

Let us begin at our extreme left. Sickles's unadvised advance had left Wood's Hill poorly garrisoned, while for some inexplicable reason Round Top, a position which Meade pronounced the key point of his position remained unfortified and undefended. Meade's and Vincent's Brigades were holding Weed's Hill. Vincent had asked for reinforcements and a brigade of three Maine regiments under Col. Fisher had been sent to aid him. Hood with the extreme right of the rebel line saw his advantage and made a charge on our left hoping to flank us and seize Round Top.

The rebels clamber over the rocky gorge unmindful of the batteries upon the ridge which are mowing them down, push up along the precipitous sides of those hills, pour into the gap between them, and strike the 20th Maine Regiment under Col. Chamberlain who holds the extreme left. They are getting to the rear of Round Top and are climbing up its sides. They are turning Chamberlain's flank. The 20th Maine are resisting the shock of a brigade. Chamberlain has the advantage of position while his men are not firing they are throwing up breastworks of stones. Can he stay the rebel tide three, five minutes longer till reinforcements come? Rebels are in his front, on his flank, and in his rear. Already the enemy have seized Round Top. They can be heard moving about its summit, though the smoke obscures them. They must be dislodged. A rebel battery placed there would sweep our lines as with the besom of destruction.

Fisher with his Maine regiments, asks permission to charge and strike for the possession of Round Top. The 5th and 12th Maine come to the rescue of Chamberlain. He in turn charges upon the enemy. He sweeps down into the ravine into which the rebels had entered, presses up the sides of Round Top, and after a severe struggle reaches its summit. He hurls down the enemy already in possession, and rescues the bulwark from their grasp. In the meantime McLaw's and a part of Hood's division are fighting desperately to push back the center and left of Sickles's line and seize Weed's Hill.

In front of the Hill is a wheatfield between two pieces of wood. On this field for two hours raged the tide of battle. The onslaught of the rebels was terrible. For a time our men stood firmly. At length Sickles's front began to waver. Sickles sent to Meade for reinforcements "give me batteries and men" said he. Sykes with the fifth Corps had been sent to the right to reinforce Slocum. He was ordered back and passed the Vermont boys on a double quick.

The Third Corps Commander of Artillery orders Capt. Bigelow to station his Battery near Wort's house and hold the enemy at bay at any sacrifice short of sheer annihilation, until he could place batteries behind him and cover the retreat of our troops.

The enemy are advancing on Bigelow's battery. "Give them canister" says he. And his men pour double charges of

grape and canister into the ranks of the advancing enemy. Great gaps are made in the advancing line; the rebels close them up and press onward. Again his guns are shelled; he smites and shatters but cannot break the advancing line. He will not budge; the batteries are not placed in position behind him. The enemy are within a rod of him. And rebel heroes are blown from before the very mouths of his guns. Why doesn't he retreat? He remembers that solemn order.

The enemy are upon him. They shoot down his horses, attempt to seize his guns, a hand to hand conflict ensues. The gunners throw away the ramrods of the guns lost, so they will be useless to the enemy and actually seize and draw away two guns and five caissons. Again they stop. They unlimber and with these two guns pour spherical case into the ranks of the advancing enemy.

Of this battery sixty horses were killed, 31 men and all their sergeant's fell, and Bigelow was wounded. This was their first action. So they fought at Gettysburgh.

Sickles men are falling back in disorder. Reinforcements are at hand. Barnes's division of the 5th Corps go into the fight. They enter the woods, pass through them and into the wheat field, and join in the fray. Ayers's division of regulars rush down the hill on a double quick and engage in the conflict. Barnes and Ayers stay a short time and are rolled back a shattered wreck to the rear. The Pennsylvania Reserves under Crawford go in; they are fighting on their own soil.

Down on the Baltimore Pike in rear of our line dust is rising—troops are advancing. Who can they be? Has Stewart's Cavalry gain'd our rear? Every eye glass of officers sweeps the field in that direction. Meade at first thought so. It proved to be the Sixth Corps coming to the rescue. They pass into the field and are placed in reserve behind our left, all but two brigades who are ordered into the fight.

Weed's Hill is ablaze with fire. The roar of battle grows louder and louder. These brigades pass over the hill through the woods, and sweep down upon the exultant foe as he is struggling for the possession of this Hill. They pass by fragments of a dozen brigades shattered in the shock of arms. For a time theirs was hot bloody work. Soon a cheer, not the wild exultant yell of the rebels but the sharp loud hurrah of our troops rose above

the din of conflict. The enemy had been repulsed and were falling back. Weed's hill as well as Round Top was safe.

While these events were transpiring in front of and around Round Top and Weed's Hill, Anderson's Rebel division on the extreme left of the Rebel line of attack, was dealing destructive blows upon the right of Sickles's line under Humphrey. Sickles is wounded and carried off the field. Birney succeeds to the command of the 3rd Corps. Humphrey's front begins to waver. Hancock supports him. Brigade after Brigade are hurled against the enemy and are shattered by the concussion. Humphrey's line is broken. Our Infantry are swept back to and beyond the ridge. After breaking up our infantry the Rebels charge upon our batteries stationed between Cemetery and Weed's Hills, intent on breaking our lines here, and then rolling up our lines by a flank movement.

As they march through the open field our artillery which crowned every eminence did fearful execution. Onward they press up the slope, our infantry on the main line pour in an enfilading fire. It does not stop them. They reach the stone wall, behind which Hancock's men are fighting. A hand to hand encounter with our troops behind it, a short, terrible encounter, our troops give way. Can they reach our artillery? A battery is before them; they concentrate a murderous fire upon our artillery-men! Our gunners fall like leaves in Autumn. A yell of triumph. The battery is theirs. Another battery is lost. They have penetrated our stronghold. Our lines are broken. The tide of battle is sweeping towards the second Vermont Brigade.

The enemy are in sight—the fragments of companies and brigades which had been shattered in the fight are fleeing, a rabble rout, past us. Another crisis is upon us. The right wing of the 13th Regiment had been lying for two hours in reserve, and was ready for anything but to lie longer and endure the horrors of a cannonade. Col. Randall saw that Sickles and Hancock were being worsted and felt that his regiments would soon be needed. He mounted his horse and stood ready for action.

He soon saw an officer mounted and coming with all speed towards him. On seeing the regiment, he halted and thus addressed Randall. "Colonel what regiment do you command"?

"The 13th Vermont, Sir," said Randall. "Where is General Stannard"? Randall replied, pointing to a clump of oaks some 70 rods away. He then said "Colonel will your regiment fight"? "I believe they will sir." Said Randall "Have you ever been in a battle, Colonel"? Randall replied "I personally have been in most of the engagements of the Army of the Potomac since the war began, but my regiment being a new organization has seen but little fighting, but I have unbounded confidence in them." The officer then said "I am General Doubleday. Introduce me to your regiment. I command your corps." Randall rode with him close up to the regiment, and said "Boys, this is General Doubleday, our Corps commander." He addressed us substantially as follows:

"Men of Vermont: The troops from your state have done nobly and well on the battle fields of this war. The praises of the old Vermont brigade are on every lip. We expect you to sustain the honor of your state. Today will decide whether Jefferson Davis or Abraham Lincoln rules this country. Your Colonel is about to lead you into battle where you will have hard fighting and much will be expected of you." - -

The Vermont boys gave three cheers for Doubleday. Doubleday then requested Randall to take his regiment out towards Weed's Hill and report to Hancock; at the same time requesting him to make all speed as Hancock was hard pressed and was losing his artillery. This order Randall at once obeyed. Doubleday then directed Stannard to report to Hancock. The 14th Regiment under Col. Nichols led the way under a sharp fire to the rear of a battery, from which our men had been driven in confusion. The enemy fell back as they advanced. The 16th under Col. Veazey also advanced and came on a body of rebels, as they were rushing upon a battery. They fled, as the 16th approached and formed behind the battery, which they found without supports, and this the 16th supported until dark. Agreeably to Doubleday's order Randall spoke a few words of cheer to the left wing of his regiment, told them that we had met with a disaster and the 13th must go out and retrieve it. And then at the command "Attention; by the left flank, march"! we started towards the southwest, up the hill at a quick step.

Randall rode on and met Hancock, who was rallying his men and encouraging them to hold on to the last. A few sturdy

fellows were taking advantage of the ground to contest the advance of a rebel brigade in their front. As Hancock saw Randall, he said "Colonel where is your regiment"? "Close at hand" said Randall. "Good," said Hancock, "the enemy are pressing me hard—they have just captured that battery yonder (a battery about 20 rods in front) and are dragging it from the field. Can you retake it"? "I can, and damn quick too, if you will let me."

At that moment they both observed a rebel brigade deploying from the woods to the left and making for the guns. It proved to be Wright's brigade. "Dare you take the chance, Colonel" said Hancock. "I do, sir" said Randall. "Then go in." In a moment Randall was at the head of his regiment. We had not gone ten rods ere Randall's horse fell shot through the neck. His regiment faltered. Randall cried, at the same time pulling vigorously at his foot which had got caught in the stirrup, between the horse and the ground,—“go on boys I'll be at your head as soon as I get out of this damned saddle.” Several boys stepped up and rolled off his horse. Soon he came running around the side of the regiment to the front, on foot, limping badly, his hat off, his sword swinging in air, saying, "I am all right. Come on boys, follow me." He led us into the gap.

We were now in front of the enemy who was dragging off our guns. They did not await us: many fled, others threw themselves into the grass, we passed over them, and they were picked up by other regiments in the rear. They doubtless supposed from the steadiness and rapidity of our movements that we were fresh troops and much more numerous than we were. We deployed in line of battle, discharged our muskets into the enemy and gave three cheers, and then at the command "Charge"! bayonets bore down upon the enemy. We retook the guns and dragged them to the rear. The artillerymen to whom they belonged came up with horses, took them from us, and thanked us for recapturing them. This was battery "C" of the fifth regular artillery. Hancock says "I recollect of telling the officers and men where to leave the pieces or how far back to take them and remained with them for a few moments. I was anxious that they should not delay too long by carrying the pieces too far, so that they would not be delayed in advance." In recapturing these guns, Company "A", an Irish company, and Company "G" deserve special credit.

After leaving the guns, we turned about and pursued the enemy a half mile over the field through which they had passed and over which for two hours the battle raged. We drove the enemy down into the peach orchard until we reached a farm house on the Emmittsburgh road, where we halted and fired some 15 rounds into the retreating enemy.

In the meantime Capt. Loneragan, in command of Company "A" approached a house and found it full of rebels. He informed Randall of the fact, who went up and ordered them to throw their guns out the window and surrender, which they did. At which time Col. Randall, ever mindful of his laurels, remarked to them "remember you were captured by Colonel Randall of the 13th Vermont." Among them were 83 men, 1 Captain and 2 Lieutenants. The 13th while in this advanced position captured two brass field pieces from the enemy, the only guns taken from the rebels during this fight.

At this time, Col. Randall sent back Adj. Peck for further orders and soon received permission to return. Col. Randall was not the most modest man in the world. He was fond of his regiment and was determined that the world should recognize every laurel it won. So on getting within twenty rods of our main lines he ordered us to halt and lie down to rest. Soon an aide from the General came riding down to us whom the Colonel addressed as follows:

"Captain, report to your General what we have done. We have recaptured six guns, taken two from the enemy, driven him a half mile and taken a hundred prisoners. Also tell him we propose staying here until he acknowledges our achievements." Back rode the aide. Randall soon discovered the enemy were trying to flank us to take us prisoners, and preferring to lose his laurels than spend the Fall in Libby prison, he led us back to our original lines.

As the 13th approached our troops, cheer after cheer, long and loud, rang along our lines for the gallant Vermont boys in their first action. Report of this charge soon reached the Old Vermont Brigade on the left, and filled with state pride and loyalty as sons of the Green Mountains, they threw their hats in air and gave cheer after cheer for the gallant Infant Brigade as they termed the 9 months boys. Gen. Doubleday sent his aides to compliment and thank the 13th for their gallantry.

Randall says, "It was dark by this time, and on getting back to our lines my first point was to find the Brigade. I soon met one of Gen. Stannard's aides. On seeing me he said, 'where in Hell have you been? The General has been looking all over the field for your Regiment.' I inquired where the General was, and he showed me, and I approached the General and he rebuked me for wandering off without his orders. I told him I followed General Doubleday's orders and I supposed that to be right. By this time a half dozen aides from Hancock, Doubleday, and others surrounded me with congratulations from their chiefs."

If it be not invidious to make distinctions when all did so well, we say all honor to the 20th Maine and the 13th Vermont for snatching victory from defeat, the one upon Round Top, and the other upon the left center.

As the day closed in upon the left, the contest commenced upon the right center, north of the cemetery. A brigade of Ewell's Corps stealthily crept up the north slope of Cemetery Hill and sprang upon Ames's division of our troops. Ames was prepared for him. The contest was short, fierce, decisive. Ames hurled him back with severe loss.

Slocum had weakened our right by sending off William's division to reinforce our left. Ewell took note of his departure and suddenly made an assault upon our lines, pressed them back for some distance, and occupied a portion of our entrenchments for the night.

This closed the second day of Gettysburgh, a day of the most reckless assaults on the one hand and the most determined resistance on the other. Now the rebel wave seemed sweeping on with irresistible impulse, overwhelming brigades, divisions, corps, till the heart grew sick with apprehension. Now our troops would rally, and stand like a rock against which that wave would dash and be broken in pieces. Neither army had wholly succeeded or wholly failed. The Rebels had pushed back Sickles and occupied the ground he held, and had gained a foothold on the right. But they had failed to take Round Top or permanently to break our original lines. The chances for the morrow were about evenly balanced. On the evening of this day, a council of war was held at headquarters, and the question was submitted, "shall we fight it out on this field or retire to some other position"?

Slocum the senior officer first replied "Stay and fight it out." The majority agreed with him.

The Vermonters held the first line of battle during the night and next day, on the left center. The 16th Regiment was placed upon picket, of which Col. Veazey was commanding officer. He established a line of pickets extending from the Emmitsburgh road out towards Round Top, which position he held until the battle commenced on the following day.

During the night Col. Nichols of the 14th Vermont Regiment was informed that the rebel General Barksdale lay mortally wounded on the field in front of our lines. Col. Nichols sent out a detachment of eight men who brought him in on a stretcher. His last words were: "Tell my wife I fought like a man and die like one." He soon expired and was buried on the field.

The night passed quickly. On the morning of the 3rd of July, the battle opened on the Right. Slocum vigorously attacked Ewell with determination to regain the ground he had lost the night before. After about four hours of vigorous fighting, during which he received heavy reinforcements Slocum succeeded in pushing back Ewell and re-establishing his original lines. This was Lee's last attempt upon our right.

After this conflict there ensued a period of comparative quiet: two giants wearied with mutual slaughter and pounding, rested for a time to gather strength for a mightier pounding than ever. Lee accompanied by Longstreet, carefully reconnoitred our position, and decided to make the grand assault upon the left center on the level ground between Cemetery and Weed's Hill. He could easily form his lines back of the peach orchard and woods, out of our sight. If he could only silence our heaviest batteries with his artillery before his infantry advanced, his troops could pass over the open space of near $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile between the two armies, with comparative safety. Our lines once broken, he could fight each wing in detail. He spent the forenoon massing his men and making his combinations.

At about one o'clock the whole rebel artillery (120 guns) simultaneously thundered forth, while 70 guns on our side hurled back their stern defiance. Veterans pronounced it the grandest artillery prelude of the war. A battle of titans truly. All the hellish enginery which modern ingenuity could invent was now engaged. A pandemonium of discords. Solid shot, grape,

canister, spherical case, elongated shell, whizzing, whirling, shrieking, moaning, booming, bursting over our heads. The air is alive with messengers of death; to walk along the ridge is madness. Our men lie low; they get behind trees, stones, knolls, stone walls, breastworks, —anything to give them a partial protection. Lee's motive is soon divined. Cemetery Hill is bristling with Howard's batteries which enfilade the field in front of our left center. If Lee can make those batteries as silent as the graves beneath them his infantry can advance in comparative safety. And so from the northwest, north, and northeast a hundred guns cross their fire upon Cemetery Hill. Howard's batteries reply warmly, but suffer severely. A shell falls among them and 27 men are killed and wounded. Howard is ubiquitous: now here, now there, he knows the value of his position and is determined to improve it. His guns are hot; his men are falling. He orders them to lie low, cease firing, and make the enemy believe that he has silenced our batteries.

The Rebel batteries, to the west and southwest, opposite our left, in the meantime endeavor to cut up our infantry, situated between Cemetery and Weed's Hill. This is the left center and the weakest part of our lines. It is held only by the Second Corps, under Hancock, stationed behind the stone wall and a clump of oaks, —and a division of the 1st Corps and the 13th, 14th and 16th Vermont Regiments, who occupy the space between Weed's Hill and the Stone Wall. The 16th under Col. Veazey were drawn in from the picket line before the rebel charge. We had but three, and in some places only two lines of battle, with no reserves.

The right of the 13th lay just back of a small ridge hardly two feet high, affording a small protection when lying on our faces. The left wing was on higher ground and more exposed, but Col. Randall got permission of Gen. Stannard to place his left wing just back of the right so it could enjoy the advantage of this small ravine. The 14th Regiment at first extended in a direct line to the left of the 13th, but as this brought them on high ground they were badly exposed to the rebel artillery, and suffered severely until Col. Nichols got permission of Stannard to move his regiment to the front and right of the 13th, and occupy the same ravine which in its windings bent outward from our lines at this point.

We hardly dared rise on our elbows, even, for just above our heads raged a tempest of orchestral death. Shot and shell struck, rent and tore the bank just back of us. On that hot sultry day we were exposed to the full glare of the sun. Many overcome with heat and exhaustion went to sleep, notwithstanding the tumult and danger raging above them. This artillery fire continued for one hour and three quarters, when the rebel fire ceased.

To the roar of artillery succeeds the stillness of death. This silence is full of meaning. It is the lull which precedes a wilder fiercer storm. A general rides along the lines and exclaims: "The rebels are forming for a charge. Be ready to meet them." Lee had selected the flower of the Rebel Army to make this last great effort of the Battle of Gettysburgh, Pickett's, Pinder's, Heath's and Anderson's divisions. Pickett's were fresh troops, veterans in war, and accustomed to victory.

The columns of the enemy, preceded by a heavy skirmish line, soon emerged from the woods. There seemed to be two lines of battle numbering about 17500 men, with heavy supports. Pickett commands the first line. Officers superbly mounted are riding back and forth, cheering and encouraging their men. They must march $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile through an open field commanded by our batteries. Have they the nerve to endure it? Howard's artillerymen spring to their guns. Cemetery Hill is ablaze. "Give them canister, pour it into them" shouts Howard, as he passes from battery to battery. One hundred cannon sweep the field with their infernal missiles. Wide gaps are made in the rebel lines. They close them up and press onward. They sweep down into the ravine midway between the two armies, and begin to climb the inclined plane towards our lines. Now the guns from Weed's Hill join in a withering fire. At the same time the 14th Vermont spring to their feet as if rising from the ground to confront them. To avoid this fire the first line which had been marching directly towards the position held by the Vermonters, moved by their left flank, by a line parallel with our lines of battle for about 50 rods until they passed beyond our front and uncovered the right of the 13th Vermont. They then fronted forward and passed forward towards the Stone Wall and Hancock's men. This was a costly movement; their path was marked by a windrow of corpses.

To go back a little, the 13th Vermont formed in line, in the ravine, and at once marched out of it, over the ridge in front of it about 10 rods to an inefficient breastwork of rails some two feet high, which had been thrown up the forenoon before. We lay down and were ordered to reserve our fire until each one was sure of his man; to aim low and steady. Still our artillery mowed through their ranks, their lines grew shorter and shorter but still compact and unbroken. Now they were in reach of the muskets of the Vermonters. At first the 13th commenced firing while lying on our faces, behind the rails but in three minutes, every man, without command and unmindful of danger, stood erect and was loading and firing at will.

Sharp shooters were directed to pick off their officers, and before they crossed that fated field every horseman was unsaddled. The havoc which artillery and infantry combined produced was terrible. We could see them drop faster than we could count them along their lines. Yet still as if courting death that forlorn hope faltered not, wavered not. Valiant men. Had not a stronger sentiment possessed us, we their enemies could have thrown our hats in air and given them three times three for their heroism.

The Vermonters are to the left of the Stone Wall and some distance in advance of it. Against this wall the enemy are advancing. The 2nd line of the enemy are still unbroken. So near is the first line that our artillery can no more fire upon them. Howard orders his gunners to break their next line to smash their supports. The rebel line passes by the right of the 13th Vermont Regiment, and is nearly in line with it. They are within ten rods of the Stone Wall, the same wall over which the enemy passed the day before.

Randall found Hancock's line was not stout enough to resist the shock. He saw his opportunity to help Hancock by attacking the enemy upon his right flank. It was no sooner thought than executed without waiting for orders. To do this Randall moved his regiment by the right flank until his left cleared a clump of trees. And then he orders his regiment to change "front forward on first company."

This brings the regiment at right angles with its original position, and at right angles with the rebel line and on its flank. Here the Thirteenth pour a murderous fire into the flank of the

advancing enemy at short range. As Randall was bringing the companies of the regiment upon the new line the right of his regiment was temporarily thrown into confusion by an interference in the command on the part of a drunken aide, who gave orders to Company "A" to move back upon the line. He wanted to know of Randall what in Hell he was forming a new line for. Randall replied if he had any orders from Gen. Stannard he hoped he would give them to him as Colonel of the Regiment, and not interfere with the command; but the line was soon and handsomely formed and advanced a few rods. A body of rebels get into a clump of bushes in front of us and pour into our ranks a murderous fire during this delay. Our men are dropping all along our lines. Our gallant little Sergeant-Major Smith came up to me, spatted his hands, and exclaimed, "Scott, aren't we giving them Hell"? in a moment he fell dead, shot through by a cannon ball. Here Lieut. Sinnot of Company "A", the Irish company, fell while gallantly doing his duty.

The Rebels advance notwithstanding our attack. Such was their momentum, they reached, pressed back, and actually broke through our lines. They forced back Webb's Brigade of Hancock's Corps, planted their colors upon the Stone Wall, got into our batteries. Officers exchanged pistol shots. Men clubbed their muskets! The Rebel General Armstead had his hand upon one of our guns when he was shot down.

In the meantime the 13th fired 10 or 15 rounds, at half pistol range into the men of the enemy. And then Stannard ordered the 16th to form on the left of the 13th, which they proceeded to do, after which Randall ordered an advance and a charge. We swept down upon their flank and rear. Mortals could not withstand such a fire longer. Already they had lost two-thirds their number; regiments had been annihilated. To retreat over that field of slaughter would be madness. They throw down their arms and surrender, many of them to the 13th Vermont. Companies "I" and "G" are detailed to guard the prisoners and take them to the rear. After this the 16th Regiment of Vermont supported by the 14th did a noble work. A second column of rebels some 50 rods to the rear of the first did not change their direction as the first column, but marched directly on the position held by the 14th Regiment. As they approached our lines, the 14th poured in a murderous fire in front. Col. Veazey saw his

opportunity, changed front, and aided by 4 companies of the 14th, attacked this body on the flank, scooped them in enmasse, and took 3 battle flags belonging to the 2nd Florida, 8th Virginia and another regiment. The rest of the enemy are shattered by our artillery and are fleeing over the field a rabble rout.*

Towards the close of the engagement Gen. Stannard received a severe wound in the leg from a shrapnel ball. Though his wound was a very painful one he would not leave the field until after the battle was over, and his services were no longer needed, after which he turned the command over to Col. Randall, the ranking officer. At the same time he remarked, with eyes suffused with tears, "I leave the boys with you Colonel, you know what they can do; take good care of them." Thus ended the battle of Gettysburgh; the supreme effort of the Rebellion had proved a signal failure.

To the Vermont boys more than to any others is due the credit of breaking and finally capturing their strong lines of battle. Said a Rebel Colonel to one of our officers, "I have been in many battles and was never beaten before. As we marched over that fatal field never was I more confident of victory. But when I saw that Damn Vermont Colonel on foot, hat off, sword swinging in air in front of his men and cheering them on upon our flank, I knew we were doomed."

Says General Meade, "I know of no body of troops entitled to more credit for distinguished services there rendered than Stannard's Brigade of Vermont troops."

Says Hon. E. M. Stanton, then and afterwards Secretary of War: "The patriotic valor exhibited by the soldiers of Vermont and their gallant officers upon many battlefields, was never more conspicuous than in that great decisive battle of Gettysburgh."

Says Gen. Hancock: "The troops of General Stannard behaved with spirit at the battle of Gettysburgh. They were well ordered

*In the meantime Gen. Stannard sends word to Randall that his regiment must be very tired and directs him to bring his regiment back on to the line. Meanwhile two companies of the 13th detached (Companies "G" and "I") to guard and take the prisoners to the prison camp in the rear, remained and guarded the prisoners during the night and rejoined their regiment the next morning.

and well and vigorously handled by General Stannard and his subordinate officers, who did not hesitate to put them in front of the fight, and to keep them there until the battle was decided."

Says General Doubleday, "you ask what I think of the valor of the Vermont troops on that occasion. I can only say that they performed perhaps the most brilliant feat during the war. For they broke the desperate charge of Pickett, saved the day and with it, the whole North from invasion and devastation."

The Rebels attributed their defeat to the flank movements of the Vermonters. Says the Richmond Sentinel, a Rebel paper, "About this time" (after the Confederates had reached the Yankee lines) "a flanking party of the enemy from the enemy's left, was thrown out on our extreme right, and by an enfilading fire forced the retirement of our troops. The day was ours and that was all. The battle had been long, sanguinary and terribly exhausting to both armies."

Our losses in killed, wounded and missing have been estimated at 23,000 and the enemy's loss at 35,000.

The horrors of war are best witnessed after a battle. The farm houses and barns for miles around were converted into hospitals, yet they were insufficient to contain the wounded. On the 4th of July, a rainy day, thousands lay in the open air exposed to the pelting of the storm. So numerous were they that many lay for days awaiting for the surgeon to come and dress their wounds. But I forbear. Wellington must have been viewing a great battlefield when he remarked that next to a great defeat the most terrible thing in all the world is a great victory.

But thank God our brave boys did not suffer or die in vain. Gettysburgh avenged Waterloo, America gained what Europe lost. Imperial despotism triumphed at Waterloo; Democratic liberty at Gettysburgh. Waterloo was a victory of kings; Gettysburgh of the people. Caste and aristocracy triumphed at Waterloo; Fraternity and Equality at Gettysburgh. Waterloo riveted yet tighter the chains of the European peasantry; Gettysburgh broke the chains from 4,000,000 slaves. Not to us alone should be ascribed the victory but to the God of battles who rules and overrules nations.

SERGEANT AND REVEREND GEORGE H. SCOTT

(taken from sketch by Col. Albert Clarke, in History of the 13th regiment Vermont volunteers. 1910.)

George Hale Scott was the son of Thomas Woodburn and Jerusha (Shattuck) Scott. He was born in Bakersfield, April 23d, 1839, where he spent his boyhood. When in his 17th year he went to California, where he taught school for nearly three years. He spent two terms at Troy University, Troy, N. Y., then entered Williams College in the class of '64. At the close of his second college year, he enlisted in Company "G" of the 13th Vermont and was nominated First Sergeant by the Bakersfield quota. After the war, he returned to college and was graduated in 1865.

He was admitted to the Franklin County Bar at St. Albans in 1866, and practiced law for four years. He married Miss Celia Goodspeed of Charlestown, Mass., October 23rd, 1867. She died February 6th, 1870. They had one son, George Celian Scott. After the death of his wife, Mr. Scott entered the ministry and after three years' study at Andover Theological Seminary, he received a call to the Congregational Church in Plymouth, N. H., Sept. 3rd, 1873, where he remained 8 years. While there he again married, June 1st, 1874, Mrs. Lydia (Tucker) Cutler. After returning to Andover for another year's study he went to Lawrence, Kansas, where he became pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church. Later, on returning East, he assumed the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Atkinson, N. H., where he remained for ten years. He died in Atkinson, March 12, 1907.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS MADE IN MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

Read before the Vermont Historical Society, 1863

by THOS. H. McLEOD.

IN making this statement respecting inventions which have been brought out in this town (Middlebury) I shall not follow the order in which they were made first, because such order is not absolutely necessary, and second, because I have not the means at hand for determining with certainty their priority in respect to each other.

The first as well as one of the earliest then, which I shall mention is that of the *Circular Saw*. Perhaps few improvements of modern times have been more wide spread and really useful than this: It has gone wherever civilization has advanced, penetrating in one way or another, almost every workshop, extending into the deepest recesses of the most profound forests and performing its duty in every instance with singular success and fidelity. Without any of the means which more modern and less useful inventions have had to advance their cause, this by its own merit alone, without advertisements, without capital, without anything but its own intrinsic worth, has succeeded so as to become one of the indispensable and perpetual agents of human civilization and human improvement. Yet its inventor never seemed to realize what he had accomplished; thinking evidently that it was no great feat to file a few saw teeth into a circular piece of saw plate, attach the plate to a simple horizontal shaft, and set it to work. With him the invention was a simple expedient to facilitate work in his own shop and the thought of extending it never seems to have occurred to him. And with this vast means of wealth in his grasp, he died poor, and for some years previous to his decease was aided by the town. His widow still (1863) survives at the advanced age of eighty-six years and resides with her nephew Ables Walker, Esq., in Whiting, Vermont.

Mr. Jeremiah Hall, for such was the inventor's name, was an upright honest mechanic who obtained his bread by the sweat

of his brow, and like Columbus, after having conferred upon his own and succeeding ages a great blessing, realized none of its benefits himself and his grave is unmarked even by the simplest monument. Since writing the above I have ascertained that this invention was made about the year A. D. 1806 or 7.

The present method of *Welding Cast Steel*, was discovered in this town as early as 1799 or 1800 by Josiah Nichols, Daniel Pettibone, and Ezekiel Chapman, who at the time were working together in the same shop. Little is known respecting the circumstances by which the successful results were obtained, but of its utility and great practicability there can be no doubt: by it a new field of labor, as it were, was opened and its usefulness in a variety of ways extended wherever mechanic arts are practised. The inventors secured their discovery by letters patent, but are supposed never to have realized much profit from it. Pettibone and Chapman left town not long after, but Nichols prosecuted his business as a blacksmith for many years in Middlebury Village where he died a few years since, and was ever considered a very skillful mechanic, especially in working the various kinds of steels. His widow, Mrs. Basheba Nichols, still resides here at the great age of eighty-four years but in reduced circumstances, her husband never having realized any considerable pecuniary advantage either from his mechanical skill or inventions, sharing the fate of most early inventors.

Sawing marble with sand and water and toothless saws in gangs, driven by water or other power, was invented not long after by Isaac E. Markham, then a mere boy, and put into successful operation by Dr. Eben W. Judd of this town, who continued to prosecute the business for many years, up to the time of his death which occurred in 1837; since which time the sawing of marble has been wholly suspended here but has been prosecuted with increased vigor and success in various other parts of the State, especially in Swanton, Brandon, Southerland Falls, and Rutland, but in no instance has any marked improvement been made upon the machinery first invented by Markham.

Sawing marble with sand and water and toothless iron, or rather copper, saws was practiced, as we are told by Pliny, by the ancient Ethiopians more than two thousand years ago, but the art like many others no less useful seems to have been en-

tirely lost, until it was revived in modern times in the manner we have stated. Rees in his *Encyclopedia* mentions the fact of letters Patent having been granted to a gentleman in Ireland for sawing marble in this manner, and exhibits drawings of some of the machinery, remarking at the same time that machinery of a peculiar construction for the same purpose was in successful operation in Middlebury, Vermont, from which it may be inferred that Rees considered, as the fact probably was, that there were two independent inventions, one in each hemisphere for it is morally certain that Markham then a boy some ten or eleven years of age, living in an inland town hundreds of miles from any seaboard city and wholly unacquainted with Latin, the language of Pliny, could not in advance of everybody else in the new world, have borrowed the idea from the Irish gentleman or the Roman Historian; while on the other hand it is far from impossible that the patentee in Ireland may have obtained his idea not long after Markham's invention, from America, especially as Dr. Judd, who put the machinery into operation soon after it was invented, was in the constant practice of transporting large quantities of the sawed material both to Boston and New York City, from which it was very easy for the idea of the manner in which it was sawed to have crossed the Atlantic, there to have been appropriated and the machinery patented. This view is far from being contradicted by Rees who gives in his account no dates, his whole statement being based entirely on the declaration of a single individual, —and he an Irishman.

About the year 1822, Dr. Judd made a single improvement upon the machinery of Markham, which consisted in a new and easier method of raising and lowering the gang of saws as occasioned might require during the process of sawing. This improvement he patented but is believed never to have realized much pecuniary advantage therefrom. Also about the year 1850, an improvement was added by a gentleman in Rutland, Vermont, by which two of the regular sides of a monumental block could be sawed at the same time, but even these do not in any manner modify the original idea developed by Markham.

Markham never realized any pecuniary profit whatever from the invention, while Judd eventually lost all that he had gained, leaving when he died barely sufficient property to pay his debts.

About the same time with the last invention of sawing marble (A. D. 1804-5) Markham also invented the common *Wool Picking Machine*: at the time a great desideratum in the manufactory of Woollen cloths, as the wool carding machine had then recently been brought into use, and all wool had to be prepared for it by hand. A machine of a different construction had been invented just before, here, by two men whose names, being strangers, have not been handed down to the present time. Upon Markham's machine becoming known, theirs was abandoned. This machine has never been improved upon, when used for this purpose, though for other purposes it has been somewhat modified. Subsequently Markham made several improvements in machinery for the manufactory of cotton yarn and cloth—but none of his inventions were ever patented by him. Both Markham and Judd were persons of more than ordinary abilities in the forwarding of mechanical results. If Markham had the greater genius to invent, Judd probably had the more power to execute. Markham died at the age of 31 years in 1825.

The first machinery driven by water power for the manufactory of *doors and window sash*, was put up in the Village of East Middlebury by Messrs. Norman Tupper, Archelous Tupper, and Charles Nichols, in the year 1830-31. In order to fully appreciate the difficulties to be overcome, it should be observed that in all inventions there are always two fundamental ideas to be developed and acted upon. The first of these is the result to be accomplished and the second, the mechanical means or machine by which the given result is to be produced. In the case under consideration, Mr. Norman Tupper first conceived the idea of manufacturing doors and window sash by the aid of machinery. Thinking perhaps that such machinery already existed, though unknown to him, he traveled extensively to find it, but after spending some time in the vain search he returned and resolved to produce it himself. For this purpose he associated with himself his nephew, Archelous Tupper, and they having shut themselves up together in a closed apartment, went to work to accomplish their proposed task. After patient study and experiment, they at length produced certain machines, huge in themselves, strongly bolted and bored, and strong enough to resist the pressure of a hundred horse power engine. The several connections being completed and the sawing belt attached, and

the small pieces of lumber designed for the window sash applied, results were produced but they were not satisfactory. New pieces were subjected to the action of the machinery still without complete success. In this emergency Charles Nichols was called in, who being the more skillful mechanic was considered capable of discovering and remedying the defects. After giving the monstrous structures a close examination, he pronounced them of the right kind but defective in their construction. He at once directed that they should be taken down, which being done, he rebuilt them in more reasonable proportions, and in a better style of workmanship. At length after many discouragements and obstacles which the perseverance and pertinacity of Norman Tupper alone overcame, the other two declaring the whole thing unpracticable, the several machines were reconstructed and again set to work. This time the several results were satisfactory. The moulding machine, now termed the sticking machine, worked admirably, the marking machine produced the desired results and the tenoning machine formed the desired tenons exactly. In one year's time after the factory was set in motion, Mr. Norman Tupper who conceived both ideas of making the doors and sash in this manner, and the means by which it was to be accomplished, had realized a small fortune from the profits on the work he had manufactured.

This machinery comprised not one but several distinct inventions among which the marking chisel was not the least difficult. At first the boring and marking machine were made together as one machine, in which the augur was located in the inside of a skeleton chisel, but subsequently the two were made separate and a dovetailed chisel used which upon trial was found to succeed and is still used; in fact the whole machinery first made is the same kind still used with scarcely a single modification. The cylinder sticking machine first made by Mr. Tupper, being composed of wood and imperfectly put together did not at first work well, was abandoned for one of a different construction; but now being better constructed and made of iron, is the only kind used. Mr. Norman Tupper still resides in the village of East Middlebury enjoying his old age in *otium cum dignitate*, the results of his successful effort.

The inventions of Mr. Simeon Holton of Middlebury Village succeeded in order of time those last mentioned. These inventions

are several but do not all relate to one general object or even class of objects. Mr. Holton appeared in this village a young man some fifteen or twenty years since, and engaged as an employee in one of the factories here. Not long after he produced an attachment to a power loom by means of which the loom would stop upon the breaking of a single thread. The attachment was a very simple but ingenious piece of mechanism but was never patented by its inventor who seemed contented with its production and success. A short time after this he invented a machine for tying harnesses for looms; by this invention the slow process of making loom harness by hand was obviated in a great measure and an equally good article produced in much shorter time than by the primitive manner. This machine was patented by Mr. Holton, but owing to the want of means to put it in market and the fact of metallic harnesses being invented soon after and much cheaper in construction than those manufactured from thread, he realized no great pecuniary advantage from the invention. But if we compare this machine with others of a kindred character, it will be found not to detract from the skill of its inventor, for when we consider that this machine tied permanent knots in a regular manner so as to produce the necessary and desired results we can but rank it among the most ingenious pieces of mechanism of the age; especially when we take into the account the vast amount of time, labor and means that have been expended in producing a sewing machine that will make a "Stitch" which will not ravel out with as much ease as it was sewed in. Subsequent to this last invention and about the year 1859 or 60, Mr. Holton invented a *Thermostat*, a metallic registering thermometer, which is considered more sensitive than the mercurial, having at the same time a much greater thermal range. This instrument is very simple and a very ingenious piece of mechanism. It presents to the eye a circular dial plate set in a circular metallic or wooden frame of about an inch in thickness. On the dial, which may vary in size from a bulls-eye watch to the dial of a town clock, are marked the degrees of temperature according to any given scale. Indeed two or more scales may be marked upon the same dial. On a center-piece which protrudes through the dial plate, is placed an index or hand to show the degrees of temperature, and a registering pointer to indicate the highest or lowest degrees which have been

pointed out by the index in a given length of time. The whole instrument forms a pleasing piece of furniture and can be "read" much easier than the ordinary mercurial of spirit thermometer. It has been patented by Mr. Holton, but has not yet been of much profit to its inventor. Mr. Holton has made some improvements in the sewing machine which improvement he has never patented. He resides in the village of Middlebury, and is considered an ingenious mechanic, having devoted himself for some years past to repairing watches. Some five years since he made and put into successful operation an Ivory watch which is still in his possession. An air gun of a peculiar construction was manufactured by him the past year. This may well be considered an invention as it did not resemble any of the kind before made, appearing to the eye a small rifle. It was quite efficient in its effects, sending a conical ball through inch pine and other boards at the distance of several yards, and flattening the ball to a thin wafer when fired against a heavy piece of iron. When he made it Mr. Holton had never seen an air gun of any kind and built this upon an entirely original plan. The past year Henry Sheldon of this place has put into successful operation a very simple night and light telegraph. This is accomplished by enclosing a bright light in a box or tight chamber made for the purpose which has a single small opening in one side. Over this opening is fitted a slide attached to a spring, which spring being pressed down by the thumb or finger pressing on a knob or key on the top of the box, the light is seen through the now uncovered opening, and by using Morse's or any other dot and line alphabet, communication can be transmitted as far as the light can be seen.

In conclusion, we would observe that the evidence upon which these inventions rest is chiefly local. Some are sufficiently established by the fact of their being patented. Others I have had occasion to verify by affidavits taken in legal form while others rest upon the universal testimony of the community by which, if the observation of Cicero, that what everybody says must be true, is correct, they are fully confirmed, and we may rest well satisfied that I have not intentionally made any claims for this town which cannot be fully *authenticated*.

A letter correcting certain errors in the History of Marlborough recently published by the Vermont Historical Society is printed below, for the information of those who have purchased the volume. It also indicates the value of such town histories. The writer, Clarence A. Torrey, and Homer W. Brainard of Hartford Connecticut, are preparing a book on Thomas Gilbert of Connecticut and his descendants.

Dorchester, Mass.

May 19, 1930.

Secretary, Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont.

Dear Sir:

The History of Marlborough, Vermont, recently published by you, is a very important addition to the list of Vermont local histories. I have examined the book for data relating to the Gilbert family. Previously, I had been unable to learn the birth dates of William Gilbert's children. Nearly all of them were baptised, but it is of course important to publish dates of birth. As your book is copyrighted, I request permission to use the dates you publish.

On page 127 you request that notification of errors be made to the Society. I can furnish several items.

My record of Deacon John Gilbert is not in agreement with the note at the bottom of page 172. He had three wives, but only two children, both by his second wife. He did not have a brother, Jesse. My conjecture is that Deacon John has been confused with a descendant. His son John probably removed to New Hampshire. John jr. m. Sarah Rich: had at Brookfield: Rufus, Abigail, Zilpah, Rhoda, Sarah, Joshua, Parthena. Perhaps others in New Hampshire.

William Gilbert, son of Deacon John and Elizabeth (Witt) Gilbert was born March 18, 1747; married Dec. 21, 1769, Rachel Barnes, dau. of Aaron and Deborah (—) Barnes, born Nov. 29, 1751. They joined the West Brookfield Congregational church, Jan. 17, 1773; were dismissed Nov. 19, 1795 to the Church at Marlborough, Vt.

I have additional information concerning Samuel, Luke, Elam and Solomon. Samuel Gilbert (mentioned on page 172) was a son of Luke and Elizabeth (Barnes) Gilbert. He was born Mar. 22, 1759.

Very truly yours,

CLARENCE A. TORREY.

NAMING VERMONT IN 1763?

*An examination of the Sherburne Town Records
With a Map of Killington and Rutland, dated 1774*

By JOHN CLEMENT

The town records of many Vermont towns often contain unexpected historical details. The writer happened to examine the records of the town of Sherburne, first chartered as Killington, and found not a little that is worth recounting.

Sherburne is located in the east part of Rutland County, straddling the main range of the Green Mountains, and including within its limits the summits of Killington and Pico. West of those peaks it contains a portion of the region known locally as Wheelerville, the source of the Rutland water supply. East of the mountains the Ottauquechee flows tranquilly through a valley seldom more than a quarter or a mile wide, beyond which there are additional mountains rising toward the plateau region called Chataugay. In 1800 the name of the town was changed from Killington to Sherburne, in honor of Col. Benjamin Sherburne or Shearburn of Connecticut, one of the original proprietors. According to local tradition, Col. Sherburne rewarded the delegation of two sent to inform him of this honor, by presenting each with a pair of shears.

The town of Killington was chartered July 7, 1761, by Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire. Early meetings of the proprietors were held annually in Newport, Rhode Island.

In 1764, Col. Sherburne was chosen Moderator, and Ezra Stiles was chosen Clerk. Ezra Stiles, by the way, was for many years President of Yale College, and was also one of the most important speculators in lands in New England. As a large holder of New Hampshire titles to the Grants, he was one of the influential Connecticut supporters of those titles. A large part of the first volume of the Killington records is in his handwriting.

At the 1764 meeting it was voted "that we will proceed to draw the lots according to a plan exhibited and that in Case any part of the Township should be cut off by Colo Lydius' Patent,

the Proprietors of those Rights so intercepted & lost shall be refunded all the Charges that shall appear by Record to have accrued to said Proprietors & one Quarter more, by a tax on all the remaining Rights, provided such part exceed fifty acres on a Right otherwise not." Some doubts had thus arisen as to the validity of the New Hampshire title, especially if it should conflict with the earlier New York patent to Col. Lydius.

As usual in the case of the early towns, a careful town plan was made, without reference to the actual lay of the land. If the Central Square with its church and public buildings had not happened to come on a steep mountain, and if the fine broad highways had not had such obstacles as Killington and Pico to overcome, Sherburne might have been a very attractive metropolis. They voted, however:


"That the Plan we receive is as follows. That three Highways lengthwise of the Township be four Rods wide and four hundred thirtyseven Rods apart: that there be five Cross Highways four Rods wide & Three Hundred Seventy Rods apart: —that there be four Tier of Lots, eighteen Lots in a Tier, & Seventy Two Lots in all: —that the Lots be four hundred and Thirty seven Rods long & One hundred & Twenty three Rods & one third Wide containing three hundred & thirty six Acres & numbered as in the plan: —That a Central Square of one hundred & Thirty Rods containing One Hundred & six acres be divided into Nine Squares, each surrounded with Highways or Streets four Rods wide: Eight of which squares be partitioned into Nine settling Lots each one Acre, numbered as in the plan & making 72 settling Lots in the whole. The Middle Square to lie for public Buildings &c." Then the lots were drawn and the numbers entered after the names of the respective proprietors. The expenses of the meeting £13—10—0 were paid by Messrs. Sherburn, Stevens, Otis, Campbell, Pitman, Simans, Dayton, Darel, and Stiles, thirty shillings each.

There was another meeting of the proprietors in March, 1765; and no further action is recorded till February, 1774. As an explanation of the hiatus, there is on page 15 of Volume I, an entry which demonstrates the view the proprietors took of the situation:

"In July, 1765 the King expanded the Bounds of New York (above Massachusetts) to Connecticut River & so 110 or 120 Hampshire Townships fall into N. York. This was published

PLAN OF THE CENTRAL SQUARE KILLINGTON 1764

One Hundred & thirty Rod Square

30 Rods	N ^o 1 BW	N ^o 10	N ^o 19	N ^o 28	N ^o 34	N ^o 40	N ^o 46	N ^o 53	N ^o 64
	N ^o 2 BW	N ^o 11	N ^o 20	N ^o 29	N ^o 35	N ^o 41	N ^o 47	N ^o 56	N ^o 65
	N ^o 3	N ^o 12	N ^o 21	N ^o 30	N ^o 36	N ^o 42	N ^o 48	N ^o 57	N ^o 66
30 Rods	N ^o 4	N ^o 13	N ^o 22				N ^o 49	N ^o 58	N ^o 67
	N ^o 5	N ^o 14	N ^o 23				N ^o 50	N ^o 59	N ^o 68
	N ^o 6	N ^o 15	N ^o 24				N ^o 51	N ^o 60	N ^o 69
30 Rods	N ^o 7	N ^o 16	N ^o 25	N ^o 31	N ^o 37	N ^o 43	N ^o 52	N ^o 61	N ^o 70
	N ^o 8	N ^o 17	N ^o 26	N ^o 32	N ^o 38	N ^o 44	N ^o 53	N ^o 62	N ^o 71
	N ^o 9	N ^o 18	N ^o 27	N ^o 33	N ^o 39	N ^o 45	N ^o 54	N ^o 63	N ^o 72

Plotted &c. from the Originals, & compared, By Ezra Stiles Prop. Clerk

in America the Winter following. The Governor of New York claimed to regrant the Hampshire Grants, demanding £200 & £300 Y. M. a Township. This discouraged the settlement of Killington."

No explanation is given of the revival of interest in 1774, when the proprietors empowered Major Jonathan Otis and Mr. John Antony (or Anthony) to survey the township according to the original plan, each to receive twenty dollars besides the surveyors' costs.

On June 22nd, 1774, Mr. Simon Stevens, the surveyor, was in Rutland at the house of Gideon Walker, where Otis and Anthony were lodged. He made a survey, reporting that from the summit of what is now called Killington Peak, "we saw all the Inhabitants of Otter Creek." Some of the land is properly described as "very Ruff but good and hilly." But when Messrs. Otis and Anthony came to examine the survey they found "he had made a wrong Sett off and instead of first running a North East Course came towards the South West by which Mistake the Lots through the Center of the Town were not survay'd this was a great Disappointment having discharged his Chainmen and they were gone home Upon this we were determined if possible to procure others which we effected the next day and about Eleven a Clock Satt of with them to view the Town but after we has past about two Mile it satt in for Rain which continued to increase upon which we Returned again to our Lodging that night." On Sunday, June 26, the surveyor completed his work. A brief description of each lot is entered in the record. The general description of the town follows, as recorded in Volume I, page 171.

"Description of Killington.

"This Town appears at a Distance to have several Mountains in it, two of which are very steep and very high, much in the form of a Haystack upon the Top of which the Creek and lowest settlements may be seen for many miles Distance. Upon the Tops of them the Timber is Spruce & very short, as these mountains and this Town stands upon the higeth of the Land which

turns the Streams some East and some West those East into the great Rivver and those West into Otter Creek tis observed that they are very full of Springs Brooks & Streams three of them judged sufficient for mills.

“The Mountains are not so very large as they are Sharp and high but from the nature and number they must afford in the Season of it a considerable Wash falls upon the Low Land and enriches them for we are told of great Quantities of *Nettles* and Angelies yt the people found in Abundance which they say is an Evidence of the best sort of Land.

“From Mr Stevens discription their must be at least five Lots with Beever Meadow upon which the Timber is dead and is grown up with Alder and Much Grass and that very high, here he saw plenty of Birds Robins &c. The Timber in this Town denotes the Soil to be good which is Beach, Birch, Maple, Oak, Spruce, and Ferr. he did not see any Lake or pond in going through the whole nor any sort of game except one Fox tho he saw the Tracts of Mouss, Bear, and Deer Dung, nor one Rattle snake in all the Town—upon the whole it is the Opinion of those that were out that full two Thirds of this Town is good for Settlement and Very good for grass better for Sheep than the Intervails upon the Creek.

“but after all Mr Stevens observes that the then season was so very wet it was possable that those very many small Brooks and Streams might be dry in a dry Season but was of opinion that the Springs would hold which Settlement Time and Observation must determine.

“in our first attempt to View the Town we were prevented by Rain after having pass several miles which fell that day and night in great plenty. our Second attempt was on Saturday morning but our guide missing his Way we spent the most of the Time trying to go round and getting over Rutland Mountain till twas thot advisable to return again to the house from which we sat out, having expended our Days Provisions

“the next day Sunday just before night our Company came in from a second Survey and gave us such a particular account of the Land as appeared just as satisfactory and on Monday ye 27th after having spent 12 days at the Creek we sat out for Newport where we arrived July 2d having been out just 30 days

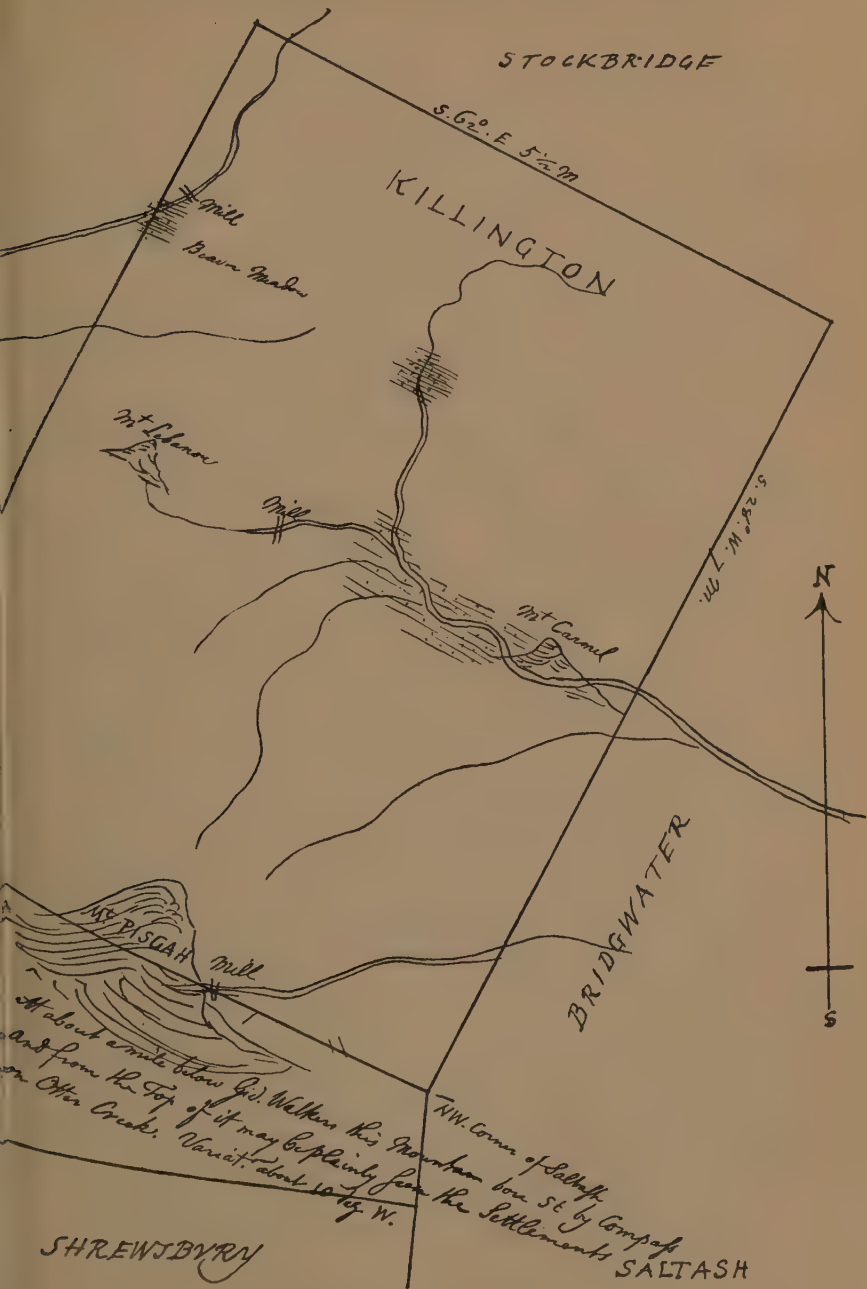
RUTLAND

Reproduction of Map made in 1774



KILLINGTON

Sherburne Town Records Vol. I pp. 174 & 175



"Dr.	the Township of Killington to	Jona Otis	Cr.
To Sundrys to our Guide &c	£ 0.7.8	By Cash recd	£13.4.0
To Cash for the Survey	13.0.9		
	<hr/>		
	13.8.5		

Errors Excepted

Jonat Otis

Augt 13. 1774 Recorded from the Original

Attest Ezra Stiles pro. Clk"

So far, the record is similar to those of many other towns, although some of the details are unusually complete. The most interesting feature of the record is the large map covering the two folio pages, 174-175, of Volume I, a map evidently made at the time of the survey. The heading is as follows:

"This may give a general View of the Position of Killington and the adjoining Towns, particularly those on Otter Creek. The South Line of Rutland & the So Line of Socialboro' are the same. Socialboro' Line judged two Miles East of the Creek. Fairfield which is Rutland and Socialboro' is supposed to bound on the Top of Rutland Mountain. Killington being some Miles eastward from Walkers is well clear of Lydius. In Rutland are about sixty or 70 Families—2 churches with Pastors viz. a congregational and a Baptist. Augt 13. 1774"

The map shows Rutland, which was called Fairfield under the Lydius patent and Socialboro' under its New York charter, the falls at Center Rutland which were known as Mead's Falls and later Gookin's Falls, and the falls called Grand, now known as Southerland's Falls, in what is now Proctor. A portion of the highway, the Rev. Mr. Root's Meeting House, and Gideon Walker's house are the only marks of civilization indicated.

The opposite page shows the town of Killington, and rising out of its south line is the mountain now called Killington, bearing the label *Mt. Pisgah*. The finding of an unquestionably authentic map showing that this mountain was known as *Mt. Pisgah* as early as 1774, goes a long way to substantiate the questioned statement of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Peters:

"Verd-Mont was a name given to the Green Mountains in October, 1763, by the Rev. Dr. Peters, the first clergyman who

paid a visit to the 30,000 settlers in that country, in the presence of Col. Taplin, Col. Welles, Col. Peters, Judge Peters and many others, who were proprietors of a large number of townships in that colony. The ceremony was performed on the top of a rock standing on a high mountain, then named Mount Pisgah because it provided to the company a clear sight of Lake Champlain at the west, and of Connecticut river at the east, and overlooked all the trees and hills in the vast wilderness at the north and south. The baptism was performed in the following manner: Priest Peters stood on the pinnacle of the rock, when he received a bottle of spirits from Col. Taplin; then haranguing the company with a short history of the infant settlement, and the prospect of its becoming an impregnable barrier between the British colonies on the south and the late colonies of the French on the North, which might be returned to their late owners for the sake of governing America by the different powers of Europe, he continued, 'we have here met upon the rock Etam, standing on Mount Pisgah, which makes a part of the *everlasting hill*, the spine of Asia, Africa and America, holding together the terrestrial ball, and dividing the Atlantic from the Pacific ocean—to *dedicate* and *consecrate* this extensive wilderness to God manifested in the flesh, and to give it a new name worthy of the Athenians and ancient Spartans, —which new name is Verd Mont, in token that her mountains and hills shall be ever green and shall never die.' He then poured out the spirits and cast the bottle upon the rock Etam."

This account was given by the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Peters in his History of Hugh Peters, p. 116, a volume published in New York in 1807. Dr. Peters was at one time selected to be the first Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, but was never consecrated. His veracity in his History of Connecticut has been questioned. To be generous we may say that in some instances he put down, like Herodotus, what he was told, without a close examination as to the truth of his information. Both Zadock Thompson and E. P. Walton, the editor of Governor and Council, doubt Dr. Peters's statement that he named Vermont, Thompson pointing out that the name had long been applied to the range of mountains. Walton also questions the possibility of seeing Lake Champlain and the Connecticut from any Vermont mountain, though he thinks that Mansfield and Camel's Hump come nearest to the

description. Certainly the mountain we now know as Mount Pisgah, located just east of Willoughby Lake does *not* answer the description. There are some errors in Dr. Peters's statement which may be excused on the ground that he wrote at the age of seventy-two, forty-four years after the event he described.

Now, however, the knowledge that there was a mountain *known* as Mount Pisgah, eleven years after the event described; and that from that mountain, in October, especially if the leaves were off, it might be possible to see some portion of the Connecticut River, while Lake Champlain is always visible on a clear day, seems to reopen the question. We can not say that his story is certainly true: but as we have found a mountain on the map here reproduced, which answers his description with comparative accuracy, then known by the name he gives, though not known by that name to such painstaking students of Vermont history as Thompson and Walton, we may say that his story has a degree of probability. And many of the thousands who have climbed to the top of Killington and stood upon the windswept rock Etam will find that Dr. Peters has voiced something of their own feelings.

The writer is indebted to the Town Clerk of Sherburne, Clara N. Davis, who has given every facility for the copying and photostating of the town records from which quotations and reproductions are here given. The Howe Scale Company of Rutland, through W. E. Seymour, has very generously provided the photostats. The first volume of "Governor and Council", page 403, contains the views of Thompson and Walton on the name "Vermont" and the Rev. Dr. Peters. For the Rock Etam and Mount Pisgah in the Bible, see Judges 15.11 and Deuteronomy, 3.27, and 3.41.

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- NEWTON, EPHRAIM HOLLAND—*The History of Marlborough, Vermont, with an introduction by John Clement*. Written about 1862, this contains biographical and genealogical notes on all families resident in the town to that date. 8vo., xii + 330pp., cloth. 1930. . . . 6.00

*Contained in the *Proceedings* of the Vermont Historical Society.

NOTES

The first number of the first volume of the new series of *Proceedings* of the Society, which appeared in June, was unavoidably delayed in publication. The second number follows close on its heels in order to come out on time, as the second number of a quarterly publication.

Enthusiastic press notices have been given on the new series of the *Proceedings*, and on the plan for further publications, as announced by President Spargo in the first number. The typography, arranged by Vrest Orton, associated with The Tuttle Company of Rutland, has received special praise.

The *Burlington Free Press* believes "that one of the crying needs of the day is the bringing of the *Bibliography of Vermont* by Gilman and later by G. G. Benedict up to date." It thinks an organized effort should be made to secure legislative assistance for so valuable and important a work. We understand that a supplement has been partly prepared, and hope that a complete revision may be published as soon as possible. Machinery should be set up for keeping this bibliography up to date, with periodical republication.

One gift to the Society which arouses the editor's interest is a copy of the Vital Records of Middlebury, up to 1820, prepared and presented by the Ethan Allen Chapter of the D. A. R. Every town in the State has old records which ought to be copied, and copied exactly; and the copies should be sent to the Vermont Historical Society, and possibly elsewhere, for preservation. Frequently it would be even better if the originals could be safely and centrally placed, and the more legible typed copies on pure rag paper retained in the several towns. As a rule our town records are kept well by the town clerks, but in some cases there have been disastrous fires, and often some of the earliest records of the proprietors and of the town have come loose from their bindings, tattered and torn. In a considerable number of

instances it is more than likely that historical matter of importance has been filched from the public records—an irreparable loss. Copies that are absolutely accurate are the only possible form of insurance for the records. Here is an opportunity for the D. A. R. and other societies to cooperate with the Vermont Historical Society in performing a service of real value. The performance is bound to give those who undertake it much highly interesting information.

Plans are being made for the rearrangement of the Sheldon Museum in Middlebury. It is expected that the large and valuable collection will be displayed to the best possible advantage, and that the books, newspapers, and manuscript material, will be made readily accessible. There is an opportunity for the arrangement of some rooms with typical old Vermont furnishings, in the same manner as the rooms of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

The Bennington Historical Museum has installed a fine case for the display of the excellent collection of uniforms and costumes it has acquired. A notable addition is a bronze statuette of Ira Allen, a replica of that presented to the University of Vermont by the late James B. Wilbur of Manchester. The replica is the gift of Mr. Wilbur's son, James B. Wilbur.

A bronze tablet, in memory of the Bennington troops in the Civil War, will be unveiled on the grounds of the Bennington Museum on August 16th. The handsome bas-relief by William Gordon Huff, depicting General Stannard and other noted Vermont officers on horseback, watching the march of a long column of Vermont troops, will be erected with the assistance of the American Legion, a tribute of the younger veterans to the elder.

The *Brattleboro Reformer*, speaking of the History of Marlborough, by E. H. Newton, says "For over half a century his manuscript has lain unpublished, and as it has many records of great historical value it is a real service for the Vermont Historical Society to have finally come to the rescue of it in a per-

manent book of 330 pages, some of which is colorful reading, but a large portion of which is the genealogical record of every family living in Marlboro up to the time of the Civil War."

The Tory Press (named for Geofroy Tory, the famous French printer) has printed Mr. Spargo's illustrated booklet *The True Story of Captain David Matthews and his State Line House*, which is described as a "vindication of a Revolutionary patriot and the exposure of fantastic legends concerning the house he built."

An excellent history of the town of Pomfret, in two volumes, by the late Henry Hobart Vail, edited by Emma Chandler White, and sponsored by Mary Vail Baldwin and Roger Sherman Baldwin, has recently been published. Another indication of the lively interest in Vermont History.

